

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

No. 13.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1823.

Vol. II.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

THE CAPTIVE.

From the Spanish.

WHEN the army of Sebastian, king of Portugal, was defeated on the plains of Alcazar, and he, himself, either captivated or slain, the direct line of the Portuguese kings was broken; and though one representative of the princely blood remained to succeed the unhappy crusader, his age and profession precluded all possibility of his perpetuating the race. Such, indeed, was the sequel. On the death of cardinal Henry, the successor of Sebastian, the throne was left without a legitimate claimant. Various pretenders assumed the name of Sebastian, but their title to it was not admitted, and the tumult and confusion that necessarily existed in a country without a visible government, left it a prey to the cupidity of foreign nations. The arms of Spain soon made conquest of so desirable a prize; but the moment that the people found themselves under the dominion of a foreign master, they united their strength, which before had been wasted by division, and directed their energies towards releasing themselves from his yoke.

Amongst the generals that led them on to the attainment of national independence, none was more conspicuous than the young count of Saldivar. He was united by consanguinity to the most powerful families of Portugal. Educated in all the pride of hereditary nobility, he endeavoured to emulate the greatness of his ancestors, by the splendour of his actions, and the magnificence of his undertakings. In the effigies of his paternal halls, he beheld so many incentives to glory. He combined the sternness of chivalric valour with the subduing softness of manners which the Moors had introduced into his country. He rivalled in his palaces the regal splendour, and sought to realize in the elegance of his domains, the fairy tales of the East. Thus characterized, he felt himself impelled by honour and by interest, to check the authority of the Spanish monarch. He entered into the enemy's dominions, and scourged the country by the rapidity and effect of his marches. He was leading his countrymen progressively to the attainment of freedom, when the chances of war suddenly threw him into the power of Philip, and he was obliged to leave the redemption of his country to the more fortunate arms of Braganza.

But this misfortune, which tore him from the arms of his friends, and made him an exile from his home, tended to elicit the noble traits of his character. He was carried by the foe to a retired castle in the wilds of the Sierra Morena. He was concealed from the eyes of mankind by a dungeon's gloom, secreted in the bosom of a mountain almost inaccessible. But still he was consoled by the reflection, that he was suffering for his country. He brought to his mind every consideration that could strengthen his resolution, by giving to his imprisonment an air of heroism, and an appearance of

interest. He exalted his feelings to an heroic complacency, and a total disregard of his sufferings.

At length, he became weary of this perpetual solitude, where he was wasting his youth and his faculties. There was nothing in it to nourish his mind, or to exercise the properties of his soul. He was in a manner dead to the world and to himself. The only epoch that served to mark his days, was the song of the sentinel at the gates. His existence was a blank in the scale of the universe, and he himself of no value or account. Active pain he could have endured, but this stagnation of every noble quality was loathsome to him.

After a long confinement, which had broken down his noble spirit and filled him with despondency, he escaped from his prison house, and pursued his journey in the darkness of night, towards his native country. But he was compelled to leave the direct path, lest he should be retaken, and he more strongly guarded. On one evening when faint with exertion and abstinence, he discovered before him a lofty edifice, which appeared to belong to some Spanish noble. The force of his appetite compelled him to enter and ask for food. But when he did so, he was casually encountered by the landlord, who watched him with singular scrutiny, and interrogated him concerning his name and pursuits. He feared that he would be betrayed and delivered up, and saw no resort but an appeal to the magnanimity of his noble host. Assuming an air of dignity, and standing in an erect posture, he announced to the duke of San Ildefonso his name and condition. "You see before you," said he "the count of Saldivar, who has been reduced by the fortune of war to this humble situation. I have long been confined in the damps of a dungeon, and but now have bid them adieu. I am yet sought for by the officers of your king, who I fear will again discover me, unless I find in a Spanish noble, the magnanimity that has so long characterized his countrymen." The duke of San Ildefonso was rejoiced to have it in his power to convince the count of his admiration and sympathy. "I have long felt for the commander of the Portuguese army," replied he, "an unbounded esteem—for although an enemy of my nation, I saw in him a patriot and a hero. It has been reserved for this hour to manifest my sentiments to him." He conveyed him into a magnificent apartment, and presented to him various suits of apparel; and when the count had habited himself in a manner suitable to his high rank, he was introduced by the duke to his consort and daughter.

The latter was the sole heiress of her father, and as such had received the most finished education, and was treated by her parents with the greatest tenderness. Her disposition was extremely artless, warm, and affectionate; and accustomed to much solitude, her heart was extremely tender and susceptible. Her manner was rather sedate; for she was of a contemplative mind, and often meditated on objects that afflicted and elevated her heart.

Her stature was tall, and her form slender and proportioned. Her eye and hair and eyebrows, were of the blackness of coal; but her complexion was of a pure whiteness. She was inclined to

melancholy, because generally alone; and when, in the stillness of twilight, she would beguile the time by the touching strains of the guitar or the harp, the tear would gush from her eye, to relieve the fullness of her heart.

Her imagination was ever on the wing to discover scenes of delight, to soothe the monotony of retirement; and from the redundancy of the imagination, her sentiments were glowing and romantic. She would picture to herself an accomplished knight, labouring under accumulated difficulties; and when she had reduced him to a state of helplessness and despair, she would weep over the sorrows that her fancy had wrought. She would devour the poetry of Dante and Ariosto, and sympathize with the afflictions of the ardent Petrarch. But though thus devoted to the elegant departments of literature, she had not neglected more rigid studies. She had stored her mind with much valuable erudition, and could converse on subjects, that require for their acquaintance, a mind that is industrious and persevering. Such was Inez the heiress of one of the first nobles of Spain, the duke of San Ildefonso. Such and more attractive did she appear to the count of Saldivar, when he had seen and conversed with her.

The count of Saldivar had never felt for any of the softer sex more than a transient passion; and called when quite young to the command of the national armies, those transitory flames had been quenched and forgotten. A long continuance of confinement and quiet, where no object presented itself to call forth the affections, or any of the faculties of the heart, had left those affections in a state of inaction; and when released, and amidst scenes in some measure new, every thing made upon his heart a lively impression. Thus susceptible, when he first beheld Inez his attention was forcibly arrested by her personal charms; and after interviews, in which her mental endowments were exhibited to his view, his affections were enchained by her great and manifold attractions.

In the breast of Inez, there was a corresponding emotion. The count possessed an advantageous exterior. His figure was noble and graceful, and in his face were combined expressions of intelligence, of dignity, and sweetness. He had received a liberal education, and destined by his birth for a courtier, he was well skilled in fascinating accomplishments. They mutually loved; but under the present adverse state of his affairs, the count forbore to avow his passion.

In the neighbourhood of the palace of the duke of San Ildefonso, was that of the count De Lara, a nobleman of distinguished elevation and powerful connexions. He had a son that had once seen Inez, and had become deeply enamoured. Sanguine, impassioned, and intriguing, he was determined to accomplish his desire of possessing her, whatever expense might attend it. When, therefore, he found that a stranger had come in the way of his darling object, he determined to have him removed. With this view, he carried on a system of espionage, in order to discover the name and character of the stranger. He necessarily laboured under a disadvantage, when ignorant of the being whose pretensions it was his interest to counteract; and it was therefore a matter of importance, to become ac-

quainted with the quality and connexions of his unknown rival. By the dint of extreme watchfulness, and the assistance of many of the duke's domestics, who had been in his pay, he at length discovered in the lover incognito, the rebel in arms the count of Saldivar.

Much labour and anxiety was saved to the son of De Lara, by the identity of the count. His character and political disabilities, made him at once a victim to the youthful intriguer. Instead of weeks of trouble and vigilance, of hope and doubt, it was only necessary to denounce the insurgent, and to step into his place. Any other man than the count of Saldivar, might have baffled his projects, counteracted his intrigues, and finally have entirely defeated his hopes. But it was impossible for him to enter into a warfare with the youthful aspirant. The grounds on which they stood were so unequal, that it would have been madness in the count to enter into a competition with him. A borrowed character was absolutely essential to his continuance in Spain, and the moment that character was thrown off, it was inevitable either to fly or be destroyed. But the count deemed himself a total stranger to every one in the nation, beyond the walls of the duke of San Ildefonso's palace, and consequently as safe as in Portugal itself. And if in the cool moments of reflection, he might even have thought himself in any possible danger, the charms of Inez silenced those reflections, and made him forget that such a possibility could exist. Even the calls of his country were unable to reach a heart, although eminently patriotic, burning with the flame of love.

The first intimation of danger that he received, came upon him "with the force of a demonstration." It was nothing less than a body of troops that had surrounded the palace, demanding the body of the Portuguese traitor. The count felt a tremor creep over him at the call. He was brave, and fear was a stranger to his bosom. He had faced death in the field, and in the field could face it again. But to be bound hand and foot, to be scoffed at by an insulting crowd, to be immured in a dungeon and made the subject of torture, and that too, when he had so strong an interest in life and liberty, as the love of a being like Inez, made his fate, otherwise indifferent, the cause of pain and agony.

But the duke of San Ildefonso in some measure quieted the apprehensions in his breast. "You are surrounded," said he, "by the officers of an incensed king, but remember that you are still in the mansion of a Castilian noble. You are safe within these walls, and were you even wrested from my castle, my political power would save you from injury." The count was yet uneasy, and to prevent the possibility of hazard, and to satisfy his guest, the duke conveyed him through a subterranean passage to a distant spot, and supplied him with means to prosecute his journey to his native country.

After a sufficient time for the arrival of the count into Portugal had elapsed, the duke permitted the troops to search for him through the castle, and at last, finding that he was gone, they left the place. The king, to whom was made known the conduct of the duke of San Ildefonso, required that nobleman to vindicate his protection of the rebel chief.

tain. The duke repaired to the court, and met without fear the angry countenance of his king. The monarch addressed him with much sternness, and demanded "What had become of the rebel?" "The count of Saldivar," returned the duke, "is, I believe, at the present time in Portugal." "In Portugal!" exclaimed the king with indignation; and how durst you, senor, contravene the mandates of your sovereign, and shield from his justice the man that he has sought—the enemy of himself, and the enemy of his people?" "The voice of my liege can control my whole conduct, and it is to me as an imperative law; but when it comes in hostility with the dictates of honour—I am a Spaniard, my lord,—I cannot hesitate in my choice of which to obey. The count had received an assurance of safety, and I could not forget the duty of a Castilian." "And did it become the boasted honour of a Castilian, to tender to an insurgent his protection and shelter?" "Necessity drove him to my roof, and hospitality ensured his safety. It does not behove the feelings of humanity or of generosity, to deny the boon of protection under circumstances like these. Whilst my liege regrets the escape of one whom he deems a traitor, he cannot be ignorant of the path I was called on to pursue." "Leave the presence!" uttered the king, with a furious aspect, and a voice of thunder, "and rejoice in my lenity, which saves you from destruction." The duke returned to his palace, and forgot in the smiles of his consort, and the embraces of his child, the displeasure of his lord.

Meantime the count of Saldivar had arrived in Portugal, and was reinstated in all his dignities. He felt the genial influence of freedom, and re-entered the scenes of his childhood with inexpressible transport. He at first gazed at his kindred and the distinguishing marks of his home, as if doubting the reality of his newly found liberty. But he was soon convinced of its truth, "and now," he exclaimed, "that I am in my own country, free as the zephyr, and possessed of every thing that can minister to ambition and luxury, there is but one thing wanted to complete my felicity—but one thing essential to my permanent happiness—it is the possession of Inez. Beautiful creature! come to my arms, and Alonzo will ask of fate no more."

The king of Spain was at length constrained to recognise the independence of Portugal, and the penalties of a rebel were thus taken from the count. He returned into Spain, and expressed his gratitude to the duke of San Ildefonso for the protection he had afforded him when a fugitive. He requested that the duke would yet increase the debt he owed to him, by bestowing—not on a nameless wanderer, but on a powerful noble, the hand of his daughter Inez. The duke was willing on certain conditions to grant his request; but referred him to Inez, whose affections he was determined not to constrain. The count threw himself at the feet of the blushing girl, and told his tale. "And it rests with you, my beloved," said he, "to determine by a breath, my future happiness or misery. At a distance from one whom it has been my fate to love with so much ardour, it will be impossible for me to know tranquillity, and I shall become a miserable being. If you do but smile, you will give me a passport to felicity. Say, my darling girl—tell me, Inez, whether my affection be returned?" The maiden, covered with blushes, and with a faltering voice, replied, "I have always esteemed you, Alonzo, and"—she could say no more. "You are then my bride," he exclaimed with delight, and clasped her in his embrace. The reader can conceive better than can be described, the emotions of the enamoured pair.

They were soon joined together by an indissoluble knot, and became acquainted

with the pure and unalloyed pleasures of conjugal life. They retired into Portugal, and enjoyed a long period of happiness. They gave birth to a numerous offspring—some inheriting the honours and possessions of their Spanish progenitors, and others remaining to share the wealth and dignities of Portugal.

Inconstant, as profligates generally are, the son of the count De Lara, forgot, in the dissipations of the capital, the charms of the virtuous and retiring Inez. He became united to a lady of the court, and passed his life in a circle of heartless pleasures and unmeaning pursuits. Immersed, in his juvenile years, in the follies of the great, he was unable, when the faculties of his mind had acquired maturity, to relish the enjoyments of a rational being. The force of habit was too great to be controlled by the volitions of reason, and his years were consumed in the frivolities of fashionable life.

WARBECK OF WOLFSTEIN.

Wilhelm, the heir of the castle and domains of Marchfeldt, is deprived by death, of Blanche, the object of his affections. He repairs to the army of Austria, under Vallestain, the Duke of Friedland. But his martial achievements, though they obtain for him the approbation of the commander and the approbation of the army, cannot cause him to forget the fate of Blanche.—The poignancy of his grief daily consumes him. Müller, the duke's physician, advises his return home. He returns to his rejoicing tenantry, and to his beloved sister. He recounts the events of his absence, warns his sister against Wolfstein, whom he describes to her as an infidel and a libertine, one who, under the appearance of every grace and every virtue, is capable of the blackest guilt; wishes her to love Casimir, the son of Vallestain, who had been his chosen friend and Wolfstein's enemy, and leaves the world, whence the only object worthy of his existence had so long seemed to beckon him. Louisa, countess of Marchfeldt, is left sole possessor of the hereditary domains. A stranger arrives at the castle—introduces himself as Count Casimir, and wins the heart of Louisa. Conrade, who has been a faithful servant of the late Wilhelm, arrives and recognises in the stranger, Sir Warbeck of Wolfstein. He is banished from the castle with precipitation. Louisa sets out for Vienna, to be presented at court. A female servant who travels with her informs her that an attendant of Wolfstein had communicated the particulars of a wager which had been arranged between Casimir and Sir Warbeck. This wager is, that the latter and the son of Vallestain have each determined to possess Louisa, and that Wolfstein's proceedings to that end are more open than those of Casimir.—Louisa stops for the night with her retinue in a wretched post-house. Her attendants are put to sleep with mead well drugged with soporifics, and she and her maid are surrounded by a band of Zingari or Bohemian gipsies.—A horn sounds, and Casimir opportunely arrives to their rescue. Louisa, dwelling upon the story told her by her maid, conceives this to be a trick of young Vallestain to engage her affections, and treats him coldly. The same coldness is continued towards him at court, whither he had gone with dispatches and instructions from his father, who had been influenced by court intrigues to resign his post at the head of the army. The Emperor and Empress, however, receive him kindly in private. His father, who keeps up more state and severity at Prague under his adversity than he did in prosperity as the leader of the imperial army, compliments him by letter on the service which he has rendered to his cause at Vienna. The ambitious Duke of Friedland, depending on his destiny revealed to him from astro-

logical calculations by a crafty jesuit, communicates to his son his intention of aiming at the throne! The letter in which this intelligence is communicated is brought by Wolfstein, whom the Duke states to be necessary to him, and who shows in his conversations with Casimir that he is acquainted with the utmost wishes of his father. Casimir for his father's sake, is obliged to exhibit an appearance of friendship with this man, whom he abhors. Wolfstein takes advantage of this and other favourable circumstances, and pretends to be converted from his infidelity—he submits gravely to pious instructions, to heavy penances, and to a residence of some time in a convent, and succeeds by his hypocrisy in gaining the hand of Louisa of Marchfeldt. When he has succeeded in his object, he throws off the mask. He taunts the unfortunate lady, tries to provoke her tears, insults her venerable confessor, and abandons her faithful Conrade, who had detected him at Marchfeldt, to the wolves on a plain through which they pass in their way to a castle belonging to Wolfstein, on the borders of the Adriatic. This castle is well manned and fortified, but the men have the appearance and manner of banditti.

In the mean time young Vallestain had departed from Vienna, 'no man knew whither.' He appeared at the battle of Lutzen, and with his own hand shot the great enemy of Austria, Gustavus. At that battle the Duke of Friedland was defeated. Casimir is afterwards taken by his father in the tent of a friend, and sent into confinement to the very castle on the Adriatic, to which Wolfstein had conveyed the miserable Louisa. It is some time before Louisa discovers young Vallestain in the stranger confined in the castle, and when the discovery is made, the utmost delicacy is necessary to avoid the consequences of Wolfstein's jealousy. News arrives at the castle that the duke of Friedland is no more; and Wolfstein, who had a large share in the plots by which that extraordinary man was ruined, received shortly afterwards a proof that there is no real friendship among the wicked, in a letter from one of his brother conspirators, stating that the portion of the spoil he had expected had been divided by others. The toils gather closer around the traitorous Sir Warbeck. A body of retainers of the holy inquisition get within the walls. While aware that there was no escape for him, Wolfstein had taught an idiot boy to set a match to a train in a vault of the castle on hearing the third sound of the bugle. The inquisition seize him—he asks leave to sound his bugle before he resigns it—he sounds once, and twice, and jests about the echo and the setting sun; he sounds a third time, and while the bugle is yet at his lips, and while he is calling all present to mark the surprising effect of the sound, the greater part of the castle is blown into the air. That portion in which were Louisa and Casimir, however, was preserved, (though Wolfstein had evidently intended to destroy them along with himself,) they are married, and the author leaves them to happiness in the peaceful retirement of Marchfeldt.

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and bear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loze and who win; who's in and who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

HALLOWE'EN.

"Ye powers of darkness and of hell,
Propitious to the magic spell,
Who rule in silence o'er the night,
Be present now." FRANCES.

Of the whole series of annual festivals, Hallowe'en forms the most important occasion in the Highlands of Scotland. The

fascinating round of enjoyments which the night presents to the young and juvenile—the delightful peeps into futurity it affords to the enchanted lover—and the fond recollections it revives in old age—all conspire to render its approach more joyful, than any other occasion within the compass of the year. Nor is the happy influence diffused by Hallowe'en confined to the human class of the inhabitants of the Highlands alone; most of the *supernatural inhabitants* are in some degree partakers in the general happiness. With the fairy community, in particular, it is an occasion of peculiar grandeur, as the great anniversary on which they are reviewed by *Auld Nick*, their nominal chief potentate, in person; whilst many others regard it as a night of no ordinary pomp and joviality.

On this occasion of universal hilarity, the natural coldness and jealousy which generally subsist between the human species and their supernatural neighbours, are changed into perfect harmony and benevolence. Like two belligerent armies, whose hostility towards each other is more the offspring of public duty than private resentment, and who, therefore, during the intervals of war, exhibit in their mutual intercourse the marks of personal good will—so, in like manner, those two classes forget for the night all animosity, in their more laudable zeal to contribute to each other's gratification. Nay, stern Satan himself relaxes for this night his avarice; and, alive to no other object than the promotion of universal enjoyments, dispatches showers of his emissaries to the several kiln-pots, peat-stacks, and barn-yards in the Highlands, to afford to those adventurers who desire it, a peep into the secrets of futurity.

Such a display of seeming benevolence, did it proceed from any other individual than Satan, could not fail to meet with some share of applause. But heads of families, whose opinions are entitled to some respect, have been known to affirm, that Satan's affected generosity on this occasion is nothing but a mere stratagem, for inveigling the more effectually the young and unwary into his vile snares; and that he gets more game by those specious artifices than he could realize by any other means. Hence it is that the anxious parent this night, instead of extolling Satan's generosity, is so intent on magnifying his perfidy; and in order the better to dissuade his offspring and family from the dangerous practices of the night, details, without qualification, his numerous treacheries on similar occasions.

But these ebullitions of the parent's jealousy of Satan's practices are soon subdued. The big-bellied bottle and bumper glass will have a great effect in relaxing his heart of its illiberal suspicions. Speedily animated by the conciliating qualities of the "*barley bree*," and softened by the recollection of his own youthful frolics and manly deeds on similar occasions, he no longer regards as a crime those practices which he recently condemned; and the good-natured matron, being happy at her husband's felicity, and averse to chide, they both tacitly connive at the family's indulgence in the customary arts of divination.

Generally the first spell they try is pulling the stock of a kail. Joining hand in hand they go forth to the kail-yard, previously blind-folded, lads, lasses, and children, equally anxious to have their fortunes told as their seniors. Pulling the first stock they meet with, they immediately return to the light to have an examination of its qualities; its being large or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of its puller's conjugal companion. If any earth adheres to the root, it indicates tocher or fortune; and the taste of the custoc or stem, whether sour or sweet, shows the nature of his disposition.

They go next to the barn-yard, and pull

each a stalk of oats, and, according to the number of grains upon the stalk, the puller will have a corresponding number of children. It may be observed, that it is essential to a female's good fame that her stalk should have the top grain attached to it.

An individual goes to the barn, opens both its doors, then takes the instrument used in winnowing corn, called a *wetch*, and goes through all the gestures of letting down corn against the wind. This is repeated three several times, and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the one door, and out at the other, having a retinue emblematical of his or her station in life.

A person goes privately to *Tor-na-ha*, or the kiln-pot, throws into it a clew of blue thread, which the person winds into a new clue. Towards the latter end something will hold the thread, on which the person demands "who holds?" an answer will be returned by the agent below, by naming the Christian name and surname of the person's future spouse.

A person steals out unperceived to the peat-stack—sows a handful of hemp-seed, calling out something to the following effect:—

Hemp-seed I sow thee,
Hemp-seed I sow thee,
And he who is my true love
Come after me and pu' thee,

And, on looking over his shoulder, he sees the apparition of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling the hemp, which had immediately grown at the magic command. Or, if hemp-seed is not at hand, let the person take the floor-besom, which he will ride in the manner of a witch three times round the peat-stack, and the last time the apparition will appear to him.

They go, one or more, to what is called a *dead and living ford*, or, in other words, a ford which has been crossed by a funeral, and observing profound silence, dip the sleeve of their shirt in it. On returning home, they go to bed in sight of a fire, and, lying awake in bed, they will observe an apparition, being an exact similitude of the grand object in question, turn the shirt sleeves, as if to dry the other side.

An individual goes to a public road, which branches in three several directions, (i. e. the junction of three roads,) bearing with him the cutty or three-legged stool, on which the person seats himself just on the eve of twelve o'clock; and, as the hour strikes, he hears proclaimed the names of several persons, who shall die in the parish before the next anniversary. *Nota*—If the person carries along with him articles of wearing-apparel, and throws an article away on the proclaiming of each person's name, it will rescue the person from his impending fate.

These and some other out-of-door spells having been tried, the parties return to the dwelling-house to burn the nuts. Burning the nuts is a very popular charm. They name a lad and a lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and, accordingly, as they burn quietly, or start from beside one another, so the issue of the courtship will be.

A person takes a candle and goes unattended to a looking glass—eats an apple before it, combing his or her hair all the while, occasionally holding over the shoulder a table-fork with a piece of the apple upon it, and ultimately the adventurer's conjugal partner will be seen in the glass in the attitude of taking the proffered piece of apple.

These and some other spells of less note, such as dipping for the apple, groping for the clean dish, which are generally known, and, therefore, need not be particularly described, joined to each individual's relation of the sights which he saw on the present and former occasions, together with the reflections they draw from "narrative old age," bring the well-

battered sowans, or more favourite *ban-brishd* upon the table. The *sonsie* kebbock is roasted at the fire, and fangs cut down from end to end. Brandered bannocks, and every other luxury that can be procured, load the hospitable board. The welcome guests surround it; the silver head is bared with solemn reverence, and the temperate feast, qualified with a few rounds of the *Boghile dhu*, is as much relished as if it consisted of the most delicious luxuries that crown a monarch's board. But the hours are too happy to remain long;—they flee like a shadow, and call the guests to their respective homes. Each swain and damsel now repose themselves on their pillows, full of those tender emotions which the night's amusements excited, and in their midnight slumbers see those objects, whose image they so ardently wished to see in all their comeliness and beauty.

Affinity of the Turkish and Scottish Dialects.—A Turk, several years ago, made his appearance in Edinburgh, in the costume of his country. Such a spectacle being a great novelty in the gude town, he was generally attended by a crowd of boys, who amused themselves by pestering him. With these he usually got in a passion, and turning fiercely round would address them by the most opprobrious name in his vocabulary, "*Giaour—Giaour*," (Infidel.) While in one of those moods, an old Scotchman took pity on him, and joined, as he thought, in his expostulation—"Fie, lads, dinna fash the puir body sae—do as hee en bids ye—do gie ower—gie ower."—(give over.)

A Virtuoso.—The celebrated Professor Blumenbach of Göttingen has collected a most valuable cabinet of curiosities, which he highly prizes. One morning a friend came to him with a long face, to tell him a very unpleasant circumstance, that he had seen a man get by a ladder into a window of the Professor's house. "Potztausend!" (cried Blumenbach) into which window? I am sorry to say, replied his friend, it was your daughter's. "O man, said B. you almost frightened me! I thought it had been into my cabinet!"

Keller, the Irish barrister, was once examining a roguish witness, who, it appeared in the course of examination, had at one time been at the point of death, and had received the last rite of the Romish church—that of extreme-unction. "So, (says Keller) you were anointed by a priest." "Yes, Sir." "There was little need then, (returned K.) for you were slippery enough already."

Slavonian Mythology.—The first and the highest deity to whom the Slavonians bowed in adoration and fear, and whose anger they appeased with victims, was the thunderer, Piorun (Jupiter Tonans.) Two places appropriated to his worship are recorded in history. One was near Heiligenbeil, in East Prussia, where he had a secret grove. A constant fire was kept up where his image stood, and the oak under which it was placed is recorded to have been evergreen. The other place of his adoration was at Wilna. The hearth where victims were burnt to him is called Zgisko. It is shown to the curious in the cathedral under the high altar, where some remains of ashes are still extant. The God of War and Peace was worshipped under the shape of a sword. The White God was the giver of happiness; the Black the author of misfortune. Zywie was goddess of life and produce. Morana, goddess of death and of harvest: a beautiful moral allegory, uniting at once the symbolical idea of Ceres and Proserpine. Klimba, the goddess of prophecy and of fortune. Lada, the goddess of

love. Poswist, the god of wind. Pagoda, the goddess of fine weather. They had also a god of hospitality, Radogost, the only one who was worshipped in a covered temple, called Gontina. Other deities were worshipped in dark groves, in open fields, or on the summits of high mountains. Their religious rites are now entirely forgotten; and their names scarcely known by tradition. Lada, the goddess of love, has alone survived in the memory of the northern peasantry, along with the tender and unperishing feeling which she was supposed to kindle in human bosoms. On wedding-days, her name is still chaunted in the ancient love songs; but the original meaning of the word, Lada, is no more understood.

Pope Alexander VII. one day asked the keeper of the Vatican library (Alatini) why he did not take orders. "Because," he replied, "I would be free to marry." But, if so," observed the Pope, "why don't you marry?" "Because," rejoined the keeper, "I would be at liberty to take orders." So he died, neither a priest nor a married man.

A young Englishman whilst at Naples was introduced at an assembly of one of the first Ladies by a Neapolitan Gentleman. While he was there his snuff-box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He ran to his friend—"There (said he) that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is he not a sharper?"—"Take care (said the other) that man is of the first quality."—"I do not care for his quality (said the Englishman.) I must have my snuff-box again; I'll go and ask him for it."—"Pray (said his friend, be quiet, and leave it to me to get back your box." Upon this assurance the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came, and as he entered—"There (said he) I have brought you your snuff-box."—"Well, how did you obtain it?"—"Why, (said the Neapolitan Nobleman) I did not wish to make any noise about it, therefore I picked his pocket of it."

The Fire Irons, or Family Quarrels.—Mr. Chose was gravely reading the original *Hafen* Slawkenbergius, at one side of the fire, and Mrs. Chose sat darning old worsted stockings at the other. By some untoward accident, the fire-irons were all on Mrs. Chose's side. "My dear," said Mr. Chose, "how miserable it makes me to gaze on any thing that looks un-uniform: be kind enough, my dear, to let me have the poker on my side." Mrs. Chose, who was busy taking a long stitch at the time, replied, "I'll give it you presently, my love."—"Nay, pr'ythee, put me out of pain at once; 'tis absolutely quite distressing to my eye—the fire-place looks like a sow with one ear."—"One fiddlestick! How can you be so excessively whimsical?"—"How d'ye mean whimsical?"—"Lord man! don't be so plaguy fidgetty."—"No, madam, I am no such thing!"—"Pray, sir, don't put yourself in such a fluster."—"I tell you I am not in a fluster."—"I say, sir, you are. For shame! How can you throw yourself in such a passion!"—"I in a passion!"—"Yes, sir, you are."—"Tis false!"—"Tis true!"—"Madam, 'tis no such thing."—"S'death, do you think that I'll submit to such provoking language?"—"You shall submit."—"I won't."—"You shall."—"I shan't."—"I'll make you."—"You can't."—"By Heavens, madam."—"By Heavens, sir."—"Hold your tongue, Mrs. Chose."—"I won't, Mr. Chose." At it they went, ding dong, with poker and tongs. The more he ranted, the more she raved; till at last, vying to outdo each other in provocation, the contention ran so high, that

Mr. Chose declared he would not live with Mrs. Chose an hour longer; and Mrs. Chose declared she would not sleep another night beneath the same roof, much less in the same bed!—"Madam," said the husband, "'tis time that we should part."—"With all my heart," said the wife. "Agreed!" said he.—"Agreed!" echoed she. A lawyer was absolutely sent for, to draw up the articles of separation; being made "*mirabile dictu*." A peace-loving, strife-quelling, sort of man, he begged to hear the particulars that led them to come to such a harsh conclusion. He was ordered to proceed to business; but obstinately persevered in his refusal. Addressing himself to the husband, he said, "Are you both fully agreed upon a separation?"—"Yes, yes!" exclaimed both parties. "Well, sir, what are your reasons for so doing?"—"Sir, I can't inform you."—"Madam, will you be so kind as to acquaint me?"—"Indeed, sir, I cannot."—"If this is the case," said the peace-loving lawyer, "I venture to pronounce your quarrel has originated in something so frivolous that you are both ashamed to own it." He urged the point so closely, that he at length extorted the truth; nor did he desist from his friendly interference until he had the satisfaction to re-establish the most perfect harmony.—Warned by his friendly admonitions, this wedded couple grew more circumspect in their words, less aggravating in their manners, and, in short, quite left off wrangling, and lived happy.

"I wonder," says a woman of humour, "why my husband and I quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly in one point—he wishes to be master, and so do I."

Twin Brothers.—In the famous town of Calcutta there are two twin brothers, Cossy and Crishno, at Simlah, who are so alike that no one can discover any difference between them except themselves. They are of the same colour, size, and height; wear the same kind of clothes, eat the same food, and sleep and rise together and at the same time. They love each other so tenderly, that they have not married yet, knowing that wives are generally the cause of separation between brothers; and as they are both the same, they think the wives would not be able to distinguish each other's husband, and preserve their chastity. One day a milkman was passing by the door with a pot of curds in his hand for sale, and these two brothers resolved to play a trick upon him. Cossy told him that he wished to buy some curds; the milkman presented him the pot, which contained about twelve seers of curds, and demanded the price. Cossy said that it was a very small quantity. "Do you think twelve seers a small quantity?" said the milkman, and told him that if he could eat that whole quantity of curds, he should get them for nothing. Cossy consented to it: and eating six seers, he went into his room, telling the milkman he would instantly return; and Crishno coming out, ate the remainder. The milkman being much confounded, returned home and told this circumstance to his family.

Hypochondriacism.—A medical man calling one morning upon a patient who had been on the sick list a considerable time, but whose only real maladies were too much money, and nothing to do, found his countenance illumined with a brilliance of expression altogether extraordinary. Inquiring the cause, he was not a little surprised to learn that the good man having been informed that the *Tread Mill* acted like a talisman on the constitution, had actually taken steps to erect one for his own personal edification, under the firm conviction that it would effect an ultimate and decided reform in his habes corpus.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

CONFER.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES IN LAPLAND.

A person employed by the North Sea Company at Copenhagen to make discoveries in the most northern countries of Europe, gives the following account of the funeral ceremonies practised in Russian Lapland:—Coming (says that traveller) to the house of a native deceased, we saw the corpse taken from the bearskins on which it lay, and removed into a wooden coffin by six of his most intimate friends, after being first wrapped in linen, the face and hands alone being bare. In one hand they put a purse with some money, to pay the fee of the porter at the gate of Paradise; in the other, a certificate, signed by the priest, and directed for St. Peter, to witness that the defunct was a good Christian, and deserved admission into Heaven. At the head of the coffin was placed a picture of St. Nicholas, a saint greatly revered in all parts of Russia on account of his supposed friendship for the dead. They also put into the coffin a rundlet of brandy, some dried fish, and rein-deer venison, that he might not starve on the road. This being done, they lighted some fir-tree roots, piled up at a convenient distance from the coffin, and then wept, howled, and made a variety of strange gestures and contortions, expressive of the violence of their grief.

WINTER IN PARIS IN 1823.

The English in Paris are now to be distinguished by the smart frock, or well cut surtout, and with the corresponding liveliness of step, both strongly contrasted by the lounging, shivering gait of the Parisians, muffled up in the uncouth and unwieldy box-coat, or strutting with affected pomposity under the folds of the quiroga (a coat worn in compliment to the Spanish Patriot), the right wing of which is always thrown across the breast—over the left shoulder, and descending behind, displays the crimson velvet facing with which it is embroidered, while one hand peeping from under the chin, performs the duty of a clasp, derogating most lamentably from the otherwise comfortable appearance and theatrical stateliness of the mantle.

On the Basin de la Vilette, near the Barriere St. Martin, the same superior disregard of the inclemency of the season is manifested by the English, who were left undisputed masters of the field, and went through a number of beautiful evolutions upon the ice. One partly executed with admirable precision several quadrilles, without making a single faux-pas in the intricate chain—others engraved their own initials, or G. R. upon the frozen tablet, while the more aspiring and dexterous essayed and succeeded in the spread eagle. Deterred equally by the cold and the rivalry of John Bull, not a single French skater appeared upon the Basin or the Canal d'Oureq.

In the streets of Paris the English were not idle. The Marquis of Worcester, in a superb sleigh, headed a line of at least a dozen similar machines; several French were amongst his followers, one of whom was the Duc de Guiche. Flying past the Tuilleries, up the Rue Rivoli, across the Place Louis Quinze, ascending the Champs Elysees, back again, up the Rue de la Paix, and along the Boulevards, this cortege had a picturesque and fine effect. From the centre of each car rose a species of mast, which was surrounded by a gaudy and nodding plume of feathers; the trappings of the horses by which they were drawn, studded by innumerable glittering bells, while (the pun is irresist-

tible) the Belles in each vehicle vied with each other in the profusion and costliness of the furs in which they were enveloped.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.

MARQUIS D'ARQUES.

"RANDOLPH."

We have been favoured with some of the proof sheets of this new novel, by the unknown author of "Logan" and "Seventy Six," from which we have made an extract for this number of the MINERVA. The celebrity of the novels of this writer; their uncommon excellence; the enthusiasm of the author's genius; the energy, richness, and brilliancy of his style and manner—have excited an interest in the public of this country for every production of his pen, nearly equal to that which prevails in Great Britain for the works of Dr. Greenfield, or the Waverly novels. The dramatic talent of the author of "Seventy Six" is not inferior to Waverly; and we look forward to the time, when American novels like these, will be regarded with as much curiosity, and sought after with as much avidity, as the productions of foreigners. We hope the time is now approaching when the American public will be proud to patronize native genius and taste. We perceive that "Logan" and "Seventy Six," by the author of "Randolph," are now going through the London press.

EXTRACT.

New-York, —

Well, Edward, to continue where I left off; and this I hope will be the last of my journalizing. I like no place yet, so much as Richmond, after all. The people here are pleasant; there is enough of parade, and uproar, to remind me of London: much opulence, but it is all mercantile opulence; and the manners of the people are those of the newly made gentry. Here is none of that lofty, imposing, natural gentility, which I have seen at Richmond. The people of Virginia, to say the truth, are much more like our nobility, than any of their countrymen. Perhaps, we may attribute something of this to their slave population. They carry that air of dominion, like the still more southern planters, (which befits them, in a republican land, only when surrounded by their slaves,) into all the concerns of life. This I like, where I have seen it,—for their it was proper enough. How I should like the same lordly air, in New-England, a nation of men, I do not pretend to say. But one thing you must have observed. It struck me at once. From Boston to Charleston, there is so much mannerism, that I think I could tell a Philadelphian, a Baltimorean, a New-Yorker, a Bostonian, a Virginian, or a Charleston man—by the very cut of his coat—or his walk,—and, certainly, by his pronunciation. A stranger would hardly believe this, yet the natives aver it; and the little experience that I have had, leaves me no reason to doubt it. Moreover, there is such an invincible nationality, if I may so express myself, in the people of each city, that their very opinions are peculiar and characteristic;—nay, their dwellings, their spirit of enterprise, commercial speculation, and literature are so. An amusing jealousy exists among them, too. They have a court language, of their own, in every state; and all that live out of the capital, are provincials, of course. Nay, the people seem to partake of the age and rank of their respective places of residence. A Philadelphian carries his nose above all the world—except the New-Yorker. One boasts of his literature; another of his great canal. A Bostonian talks about letting money at 5 per cent. interest—India dock—the "dome"—the Exchange—Bunker's Hill—Faneuil Hall, &c. and fancies that all rivalry is presumptuous. The New-Yorker carries you over the CITY HALL—talks of De Witt Clinton, and a superannuated old gentleman, to whom the Emperor of all the Russias has lately sent a ring—lounges up Broadway, and swears that "that are is the capital of all North America." But go to Philadelphia, and you are "done up" at once, with criticism, and taste, and science: they make the handsomest gigs in the world—the best boots—and are the most regular bred people in the union; have, what they call, the Water Works—(where a wooden image holds a wooden swan—through whose beak, a little squirt of water runs up, now and then, to the height of ten or a dozen feet.)—and a Masonic Hall, where there is a wooden Washington:—a picture gallery, among which is a picture by Mr. West, the vilest thing that he has ever done, in my opinion; where, after you have paid for admission, you are made to pay 12½ cents more, for a criticism, evidently written by somebody that never saw the picture.

Next, you go to Baltimore, and there you find, among a people of adventurers, slave dealers, privateersmen, broken merchants, pirates, mail robbers, and rioters, the same ridiculous pretension, in another shape. In Baltimore, they do not value themselves for their literature, or age, or wealth; but for having shot General Ross, at North Point;—for having built two monuments—and several of the best privateers that ever infested the seas;—and for having grown up faster than any people ever did; not even excepting those of St. Petersburg, when they exhausted the resources of the whole Russian Empire.

Thus a Baltimorean comes from the "first city in the union;" he proves it by referring to the year 1752, when there were only three or four miserable hovels, where the city now stands—and all their commerce was carried on by one or two fishing smacks.

A Philadelphian proves, that he is from the "first city in the union," by referring to the last census, where, it appears, that there were more cattle within the liberties, than within those of any other city of the United States.

A New-Yorker, to prove the right of his city to the first rank, refers to the next census. And a Bostonian, appeals to history, and shows that Boston is first, because oldest.

And when you get to Charleston, you find the people there affecting the same airs, on just about as rational grounds; one of which, if I am not mistaken, is the defence of Sullivan's Island, forty or fifty years ago.

But in Richmond, I have found nothing of this. The distinction that they seek is one, that is perfectly evident they have found, from that air of self-complacency and negligent superciliousness which characterize them. They affect to disdain all competition with the plebeians of the north:—commerce is beneath them; literature—O, it is all froth and flummery, except what is imported:—though, perhaps, an occasional look into a Philadelphia publication, is taken, by way of seeing what the pleasant barbarians of the north are about.

Shall I go on? I will, for one more page, and then, farewell for ever, to this ungenerous return, for so much politeness and attention, as I, a stranger, have received from the people of all these cities. Yet, would you believe it? I am only repeating what they say of each other: and what is believed too, by each, of all but themselves.

I spoke of their character. I will give you an example or two. In Philadelphia there is all the cold, plodding, cautious deportment, of suspicious awe, toward a stranger, even when well recommended. You deliver your letters—and are asked to call again—are told that the gentleman will be very glad to see you—at his counting room. He will be happy to see you, any where, but at his dinner table, or fireside. He is afraid of his daughters—or his spoons. Yet, after a time, strangers are delighted with the Philadelphians. They are sincere, cordial, and direct; well informed, polite, and sufficiently indulgent. But I never knew a stranger, of a few days, not superlatively introduced there, who did not curse them all, for a sordid, unfeeling, mercenary people.

In New-York, there is a royal opulence in their style of living; great warmth, approaching to imprudence, and very little discrimination, in their treatment of strangers.

In Boston, it is much the same, provided one comes from England. There, he is feasted and feasted, and puffed, till he may literally eat his way, at the public expense, from Dan to Beersheba. But in Baltimore,—they have all, or rather had, for they are beginning now to be cautious, having been cruelly bit by a few of our stray nobility—(by the way, remind me of this, when we meet, and I will relate some amusing anecdotes, in illustration of our impudence, and their credulity)—a most improvident warm-heartedness toward every thing in the shape of a stranger. Like people in their youth, full of youthful properties, unsuspicious, careless, and noisy, the whole city is ringing, from one end to the other, if a stranger of any notoriety—an elephant or a nobleman—an American general or a pair of mustachios—a brute or a mountebank, appears—it is all the same to them—the dwellings are emptied, like the baby-houses of children, and the streets are impassable till the rare-show has departed.

You speak of their public buildings. Some of them are beautiful, it must be confessed; but to hear the Americans talk about them, you would be led to believe that the seven wonders of the world, at least, were within the circumference of every city of the union. What is truly their own, is overlooked; the thunder of their cataracts;—their rivers and mountains—unrivalled and unapproachable—are all forgotten, so laughably too, at times, that a friend of mine solemnly assures me, that he lately had occasion to speak of the trembling and continual noise that appears to issue from the earth, and fill the whole sky, within two or three miles of Niagara, to a man who had grown old in its thunder and spray, who, he soon found, had never given himself any trouble about the cause of either; for he expressed some indignation, like one that resents an attempt to impose upon his credulity, when my friend informed him, that the rest of the world was silent and still—that other lands neither shook nor sounded—and that other skies were as silent as these would be, if he should stop his ears.

I have only a moment more—in which, if you are not already wearied to death, you may follow me, dear Edward, while I speak of the public buildings.

I will begin with Boston, because I began there. There are some pretty churches; (including one

that they mean to build, which is already, the most beautiful building on paper, in the world) and some about as grotesque and fantastic, clumsy things, as you can well imagine. *The Exchange is a noble building—hewn in, and blocked up, by an encampment of printing offices, tailor's shops, and shoemakers. Then, there is a State House, a great clumsy, awkwardly contrived affair, perched on the top of a beautiful round hill, like a fat man on a feather bed; much too big for the hill; with the head and shoulders far too big for the body. The Mall is beautiful—and the stupendous undertaking which they are soon to begin, for connecting with a solid block of masonry, a part of—Northampton, I believe, with west Boston, is, it is in vain to deny it—a—a— They have a Court House, too, with a front of Chelmsford granite; and its wings askew, which I particularly admired, from the position, where I stood. The State Prison at Charleston is, however, of a better character. There is no pretension to beauty; but it is a strong, dark, useful pile of building. Several dwelling houses are noble—one or two, (building near the State House) princely; and, taken together, I suspect that they are better built, and more comfortably arranged, than any others in this country. There are, also, four or five bridges, by which you enter the town; not one of which is even tolerable, as a matter of architecture. I must not forget the Mall, neither, as they call it, in a spirit of paltry imitation, together with their Park place, and Suffolk place, and Bowdoin square, and this court, and that court—all of which, I am already American enough, after breathing the air, for a few weeks, to despise very cordially. But the Mall, as a walk, not as a Mall, is unrivalled. At a distance, the town looks like an amphitheatre, with a great brick pile, whose disproportion is not to be discovered, then—crowning it, like a square of palaces. But the streets—O, it is in vain to think of describing them. No stranger should venture abroad, without a chart and pocket compass. A gentleman, whom I knew, assured me, with a face that I shall never forget, (a bystander would have thought that he was talking treason) that, after twenty attempts, in as many different directions, to escape from an enclosure with a high brick wall, he was brought up, twenty times in succession, by the very place that he started from. It was a grave-yard. Every lane and alley, and passage, seemed to terminate there, and only there. Start which way he would, east, west, north or south, the end of his walk was always the same high brick wall, with "the place of graves," within it.

Thus much for Boston.—But, when you get to New-York—(By the way, I have overlooked New Haven, and its churches and colleges; and Cambridge—all of which are exceedingly wonderful and imposing—to the inhabitants and professors,) you find yourself arrested, in a noble street, by a truly magnificent building—the City Hall. It has two fronts; one of fine marble, and one of brown freestone.—You may judge of the effect, when you stand at the ends. There is a house in Boston, constructed in the same spirit of pleasantry. Approach it as you will, the front being of granite, you perceive the ends to be brick. That is a truly American spirit; showy and boastful, without propriety, fitness, or taste. But you cannot approach ever the City Hall, without perceiving somewhat more of the same spirit, in front—for the enclosure there, is askew; so that you cannot enter it, and march directly up to the great steps. No; you must oblique and manoeuvre, or you will never get there. I know of nothing else worth description. There are some paltry public buildings, many handsome private houses, and a respectable pontifical; (a matter of which the Americans seem especially jealous—and, toward which, they are often abundantly magnificent, perhaps with a presentiment like that of Swift, when he founded a mad-house, and made all things comfortable about it.)

Well—we are now at Philadelphia. Of course, the Pennsylvania Bank is to be praised again; (for the United States Bank is not yet thought of)—no! for once I must disappoint you. I don't like it. It is too cold, formal, and quaker-like. We don't want Greek temples for banking-houses. No—I do not like it. It wants that which gives a charm to every thing, and without which, the purest and most beautiful creations of genius, are base and inefficient;—it wants *nobility*. The water-works, of which you have heard so much, are paltry; the markets fine—particularly the butchers' division; but the market-houses, throughout the country, except in Boston, are contemptible. The Schuylkill bridge is a pretty affair enough; but you will be surprised, after all that you have heard of it, when you know of what it is built. Is it iron?—No! Stone?—No! What then? Deal boards and logs. There are some respectable private buildings, country seats, wire bridges, wire fences, and public institutions; but nothing that I think worth troubling you about.

We will now go to Baltimore, if you please. There you will find the handsomest, because the most appropriate, public edifices in America. With the exception of the capital at Washington, a magnificent pile of stone and marble—painted!—and a sweet, pretty church at Richmond, the description of which has gone the rounds of Europe, like a problem in geometry, defying all conjecture as to its purpose; and the city hall in New-York; and—and—and—there is none so truly beautiful. First, there is the Cathedral, a heavy pile of granite, somewhat after the fashion of St. Peter's; and the grandest building, of its dimensions, that I ever stood within: then, there is the Unitarian church, a piece of exquisite deception—manufactured of lime-stone, wooden-bronze,

*Lately destroyed by fire.

and pine-marble:—that is, without punning or attempting to pun—plastered and stuccoed, till the eye is completely deceived into a notion that it is stone. Then, there is a pillar, which is (or will be,) a round, substantial affair of marble, called the Washington Monument. Edward, I must be serious here. I cannot write or speak the name of GEORGE WASHINGTON, without a contraction, and dilation of the heart, if I do it irreverently.—The pillar is grand—plain—substantial; and I like it better than I should a work of ten thousand times more architectural merit. It is only wonderful to me, that a series of blundering should have produced so simple and august a thought. But, I suppose that the building committee could not agree upon the ornamental part—like all who quarrel about matters of taste—and so, awarded such as they could agree upon; which was, naturally, the simplest proposition. But was it wise? Would it not have been better, had the money which this pillar has cost, been applied to some equally permanent, equally ornamental, and more useful purpose—such, for instance, as a hospital for the men of the revolution? Will not others look for the same reward?—and will not monuments, in time, become as common in America, as titles are, even now?—to say nothing of the ridiculous conceit of perpetuating the memory of GEORGE WASHINGTON by a work, that must crumble in a few centuries.

Why is it, Edward, that I never think of that man, without sitting more erect in my chair? When I was at home, I dreaded to approach him. I feared that I should find him, as I had others who were called great. They were pyramids at a distance; but, when I approached—I found them built of pebbles.—I came—I stood upon his grave. I plucked off a branch from the dark cedars, that had sprung from it. Were they instinct with his spirit?—They had been nourished with his blood—and substance.—The thought makes me tremble. Some fancy possessed me. I went home, and bent one of the beautiful little branches into the form of a weeping willow—pasted it on paper, and painted the grave underneath it, with all the shadow and desolation of truth. God of heaven!—Edward—not a flower sprung there! What would I have given, for one blessed little violet, that had blossomed, perhaps, out of the moisture of the giant's heart!—Might it not be? He was gentle; and if warmth and richness of soil were enough, his tomb had been a heap of blossom and verdure—trodden and crushed incense and odour.

Farewell—my heart is too full for trifling, now—
Good night.

QUENTIN DURWARD.

By Dr. Greenfield.

This is another offspring of the inexhaustible brain and industrious pen of the mysterious Author of *Waverley*, second to none in interest, power, and character. This writer is without exception the most singular and interesting and unfathomable man that ever lived. He goes on his way gathering fame and wealth, and lives in this world like a spirit of the ether, wrapping himself in silent mystery, and appearing to slight the loud huzzas with which he is hailed from every quarter. Shakespeare himself has not more fertility of fancy, excellence of description, and depth of idea, than this strange and uncommon genius.

We have heard it asserted, and by intelligent men too, that it is unfair to institute a comparison between the dramatist and the novel writer—that they move in perfectly distinct spheres, and can never come in contact. This, with due humility, we deny. The distinguishing characteristic in both is the same, and this is the display of character. We can judge of character quite as well by what man performs as by what he utters, as well from description as from soliloquy. And in our mind the novelist has here a striking superiority over the dramatist, as he can not only inform as what his hero does, but what he thinks and says also. He has much more latitude for description, he can create fancy, and incident, and action to a much greater extent. We wish not to be understood as condemning or undervaluing the drama. It is a high and lofty degree in composition; but it is so confined by the three troublesome unities, to violate which is to call down the critical lash, and is so limited in comparison, that it does not afford the same wide, extended, and variegated field of display of genius as the novel. We mean the genuine novel—the offspring of fancy, feeling, and intellect—fraught with correct views of nature, with true and striking traits of human character, and with moral principle. The great mass of novels with which fools and dunces have deluged

the world, are nothing, or worse than nothing. They form a confused and muddy chaos, the "rudis indigestaque moles" of Ovid, where the elements of fire and air bear no proportion to that of the more heavy earth. They are the low, base, and worthless abortions of brainless heads and perverted hearts, indelicate in their nature, and demoralizing in their effect.

But very different are the productions of this gifted and astonishing man—He looks on nature with the eye of a poet; he reads the human heart with a deep-searching glance; he casts a hue of life on the scenes of inanimate being; and imparts to them the soul of his own majestic, affecting, and inexhaustible genius. He calls the rose of love, the laurel of war, and the nightshade of guilt, with equal success. He paints the calm and the storm; the garden and the desert; the beauty and the rudeness of nature, with a masterly hand. He redeems from oblivion the manners and character of ages that have long been buried in the lapse of time, and brings before us men that have slept in the dust of centuries. He commands the gentle and the tempestuous passions of the heart. He presses into his service the mildness, the delicacy, and the timidity of affection; the boldness and the impetuosity of high ambition; the enthusiasm of hope; the phrenzy of despair; the watchfulness of suspicion; and the deep, stern, and unswerving perseverance of revenge. Nature has been prodigal in her gifts to this her favourite child, and amply has he repaid her bounty by giving life and soul to her beauty and her sublimity.

But to the novel before us.—The scene is laid in France, and the era is the fifteenth century. The most prominent and best drawn character is the celebrated eleventh Louis. History has acquainted us with his deep policy, his admirable designs, his political insincerity, and in some degree with the strange inconsistencies of his private character. We have always been taught to consider him as a man of great mind, but of depraved heart, and the impression is confirmed by his character in this work. Brave without honour; revengeful without a portion of that lofty spirit that often dignifies and ennobles it—superstitious without a particle of religious feeling; a prudent monarch, and yet a low debauchee; he appears a strange prodigy, uniting talent with depravity, whom we cannot but detest, and yet are forced to respect.

Charles of Burgundy was a nobler character: rash, thoughtless, impetuous; a slave to the most violent and ungovernable passions; a rude and wild warrior; a contemner of difficulties and dangers, he was by no means destitute of the noble qualities that always accompany impetuous minds. He had all the virtues of an ardent disposition in his nature, which ran to waste for want of culture and refinement. And very faithfully, we think, has the author given his character. There is a strong and startling interest excited in us on witnessing the struggles of natural generosity, and high honour, with furious and headlong temper in Charles the Bold. We are in momentary dread lest the hero should stain his chivalrous character, by exercising the extreme of tyranny on one who has confided in his honourable feelings. We see him violate the faith of royalty, and imprison his crowned guest; we dread more and greater rashness; and when at last we see the tempestuous wave of his passions once again lulled, and reposing in peace, we feel as if a heavy load were removed from our minds, and yet cannot but think that it may only be the treacherous interval of the storm. There could be no better proof of the ability which has painted the character of Charles.

With William De la Marck we have little historical acquaintance. In Quentin Durward he is strongly delineated. Un-

natural and brutal fierceness, the courage and the heart of a tiger, thirst of blood, blasphemy, and debauchery, without a single redeeming quality of nobleness or humanity, are the traits of the ferocious and violent monster, aptly named the boar of Ardennes.

The gallant Dunois, the boast of chivalry, of magnanimity, of valour, and of courtesy; the most distinguished in the brave lists of Knights; he whom the Muse of France has celebrated in a thousand ballads, and equalled with her Roland of yore, acts an honourable, though not a very conspicuous part in the passing events.

We must not neglect to notice Galeotti the astrologer, who had such great influence over the superstitious Bourbon. There is a pleasing interest in his wild visions of the future; and when we hear him tell of the stars, and see him linking the fate of transitory man and earthly destinies with their brilliant and eternal career, we are persuaded for the moment that,

"There are more things in heaven and earth
Than were e'er dreamed in our philosophy;"

and we can scarcely but sigh when reason derides our reveries, and chases away our misty fancies.

The hero of the tale, Quentin, does not excite the deepest sympathy, although he is by no means uninteresting. He is the descendant of an ancient and honourable house, which time and warfare have desolated; he leaves the hearths of Caledonia with no fortune but his unsoiled name, and no hopes but his good sword and fine face; falls in company with Louis; enters into his service; crosses arms with Dunois and William De la Marck; becomes an important agent in passing affairs; and fights his way like a bold cavalier, to the possession of rank and beauty.

The female characters are not very strongly marked, except the Bourbon princess. We do not feel as much delighted with Isabella de Croye as we would wish; and the Countess Hameline excites almost too much aversion and contempt, for a female.

We do not think it expedient to give any extracts, because extracting from a work which every body will read, borders a little too much on the catch-penny style of reviewing; nor will we presume to give an abstract of the story, because it can neither gratify those who have read, nor those who will read this excellent novel.

J. G. B.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.
—BACCHUS.

LONDON THEATRES.

Covent Garden.—A new opera in three acts, entitled *Clari*, or *the Maid of Milan*, was produced at this theatre for the first time on the 8th May last, said to be a translation from the French by Mr. Howard Payne. Of this opera we find the following account in the London papers:

The plot is simple enough. Clari has been induced to leave her father's house by the Duke on promise of marriage. The Duke subsequently recants, and proposes that she shall live with him as his mistress. Clari, still unstained, is overwhelmed by the proposal, and determines on escaping from the palace. She effects her object by letting herself down from a balcony, to the great alarm and interest of the audience. She reaches her native village, finds its population engaged in a marriage fete, is recognised, cheered, and brought to her mother, from whom she meets a forgiving reception. Her father returns from the chase full of dejection; she is brought in veiled. Her sto-

ry is told, as of a stranger's daughter; the old peasant grows more agitated. Clari flings herself unveiled into his arms, as he is about to curse her. The curse is turned into sudden benediction; and in the midst of the general interest, the duke rushes in, proclaims his determination to marry the fugitive, declares his remorse, her innocence, is about to be shot by her father on the strength of his speech, is saved by Clari, is thus doubly loving and doubly repentant, and is married by anticipation in a lively chorus of all the characters.

The stage equipments were in the usual profusion and beauty of this Theatre; the dresses rich or picturesque: and all was done in scenery or costume that could give vigour to the natural feebleness of Melo-drama. The music is by Bishop, and an evidence of the taste and adroitness of that able composer. Some of the songs came on us with recollections of favourite though neglected airs; but the harmonies were richly combined, and the accompaniments exhibited the composer's knowledge of the orchestra. A serenade, "Sleep, gentle Lady," apparently modelled on "Glorious Apollo," was admirably sung and most favourably received. It was encored. The general character of the music is simplicity, not without some occasions for the display of the singers and even of the composer. We have not space to quote more than a few of the more advantageous specimens of the poetry:—

SONG.—JOCOSO.

From flowers which we twice for the temples of love,
Love itself may instruction receive;
The love learn'd from Nature comes straight from above,
Here are lessons that cannot deceive.
'Twere surely enough to check pride in its birth,
Ere it whispers the heart has betray'd,
To know that the sweetest of flowers on earth—
The violet—grows in the shade!

To souls that are bent on a stainless career,
What a moral the sunflower supplies,
From morning till eve, never known to appear
With a look turn'd away from the skies.
And let not the soul-stricken mourner complain,
But be taught by these blossoms of night,
Whose solitude darkness frowns over in vain,
'Tis in darkness their colours are bright.

SONG.—CLARI.

In the promise of pleasure, the silly believer,
Home forsaking, to brave
The betraying world's wave,
Is left the world's scorn by the wily deceiver,
And finds, but too late, that wherever we roam,
There's no pleasure abroad like the pleasure of home.
But droop not, poor cast-away, be not dejected,
If still from the world's heartless bosom rejected;
From your home on earth though cast homeless to roam,
Hope for mercy in Heaven, and be sure of a home.

SONG.—NICOLLO.

Though the tempests of winter may sweep
The seahowing leaves from our bow'rs,
And Flora in sorrow may weep
Her desolate kingdom of flowers!
Though the wild mountain torrent may tear
The pine from his throne on the peak,
And the bright winged bird of the air
Drop dead at the storm spirit's shriek!
Unheeded the ruin that's hurl'd
From the hurricane's wide spreading wing,
Or the frown winter casts o'er the world,
If the heart wear the smile of the spring!

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

CIRCUS, BROADWAY, every evening; performance to commence at half past 7 o'clock. Boxes 50 cents, Pit 25 cents, children under 10 years of age admitted to the boxes with families at 25 cents.

PAVILION THEATRE, CHATHAM GARDEN, every evening; performance to commence at 8 o'clock; admission 25 cents.

CIRCUS, RICHMOND HILL GARDEN, every evening; performance to commence at 8 o'clock; admission 37½ cents.

VAUXHALL GARDENS; Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday; admission 25 cents.

WASHINGTON THEATRE, COLUMBIAN GARDEN, every evening; performance to commence at 8 o'clock; admission 12½ cents.

AMERICAN MUSEUM, Park; admission 25 cents.

PAFF'S GALLERY OF PAINTINGS, Broadway; admission 25 cents.

MECHANICAL PANORAMA, Broadway; admission 25 cents.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF HENRY EDRIDGE.

This excellent artist was born at Paddington, near London, in the year 1768. His father who was in trade, died at the age of 44, leaving his widow, with five children, rather inadequately provided for.

Mr. Edridge was the youngest child but one; and having very early shown an attachment to the Fine Arts, his mother was induced, by the advice of her friends, to place him, at the age of 14, with Mr. Pether, an artist, well known as a mezzotino engraver and painter of landscape. Two years after his apprenticeship, he was admitted a student in the Royal Academy, where he soon distinguished himself, and in 1786 obtained a medal for the best drawing of an academy figure. While studying at the academy, his talents attracted the attention, and procured him the regard of the then president, Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose pictures he was in the habit of copying in miniature for his own improvement. Upon one occasion, Sir Joshua was so much pleased with his performance, that he desired to have the copy, which of course was readily offered for his acceptance; that, however, was declined, and the young artist having been prevailed on to name a price, Sir Joshua not only paid him nearly double the amount, but meeting him a few days afterwards, insisted upon making him a still further payment, observing that he had since sold the drawing to a nobleman for a considerable profit, and was therefore debtor for the difference. Mezzotino engraving being in no way suited to Mr. Edridge's taste, an arrangement was made with his master to permit him to study and practise miniature painting, to which branch of art he afterwards exclusively applied himself.

Mr. Edridge's earliest works were miniatures on ivory; afterwards he made his portraits on paper, with black lead and Indian ink; to these he added back grounds, which were beautifully diversified, and drawn with great taste; after continuing this practice several years, he discontinued Indian ink, and adopted water colours, still finishing his drawings slightly, except the heads, which were always remarkable for their force, brilliancy, and truth. It was of late years only that he made those elaborately high-finished pictures on paper, uniting the depth and richness of oil paintings with the freedom and freshness of water colours, and of which there is perhaps scarcely a nobleman's family in England without some specimen. His acquisition of this latter style is to be attributed to the study of Sir Joshua Reynolds's best works, which he omitted no opportunity of copying, and thereby not only obtained a collection of the most beautiful copies of that great master that have ever perhaps been made, but rendered the improvements of his own original works remarkably conspicuous.

Mr. Edridge had always an exquisite taste for the picturesque beauties of landscape; but the extent of his practice in drawing portraits, prevented the devotion of much time to this his favourite pursuit, until after the death of his son, when having no longer a motive for adhering to the lucrative part of his profession, he indulged his inclination, and the drawings which he afterwards made from various scenes of nature, are most admirable. In 1817, and again in 1819, he visited France, where he found ample materials for the exercise of his taste, in the picturesque buildings of Paris, and still more interesting scenery of Normandy; the drawings made from these sketches were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1820.

The late Mr. Hearne was the master

from whom Mr. Edridge first acquired his taste and skill for sketching landscape scenery; a master, whose best works will ever be esteemed so long as there is any admiration for fidelity, united to the best qualities of the art. There was a timidity, however, in Mr. Hearne's manner, which seemed to restrain him from venturing on those bold effects and strong transitions of *chiaro scuro*, that have since his time been the admiration of the public. In this respect, Mr. Edridge stepped far beyond his master. Though he did not practise it, Mr. Edridge, painted three pictures in oil colours; two of them were small landscapes, and the third was a copy from Teniers.

He was elected an associate of the Royal Academy of Arts, in November, 1820, and no better or more grateful tribute could be paid, either to his talents as an artist or his worth as a man, than the feeling and appropriate eulogy pronounced to his memory by the president, at the annual academy dinner, which took place immediately after his death.

As a man, Mr. Edridge possessed those amiable and endearing qualities which gained him the affection of all who knew him. His moral character was pure and unblemished; to the strictest integrity and benevolence of heart, he united the most polished and gentlemanly manners. He had an eloquence and suavity of speech, joined to a sportiveness of wit, that rendered his society extremely delightful; his thoughts were conceived with vigour and expressed with the happiest propriety; and there never, perhaps, was a man more entitled, from his accomplishments, high judgment, and justness of sentiment, to move in the polished circles of life. In this society he was courted and caressed, and was distinguished by the friendship and affection of many in the highest rank, which continued with unabated kindness to the hour of his death.

Mr. Edridge died at his house, in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, on the 23d of April, 1821, in the 53d year of his age.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.
CAMPELL.

LANGUAGE OF SIGNS.

We were present at a Lecture, delivered at the Lyceum of Natural History in this city, on the 23d. ult. by Dr. AKERLY, and have since solicited and obtained the following from the scientific lecturer. The subject possesses novelty, and, we have no doubt, will be acceptable to our readers:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Lyceum.—In compliance with the duty, which you have assigned to me for this evening, I was about to continue the inquiry in relation to that class of animals, called *Zoophytes*, which I commenced at a former meeting; but as my attention has been forcibly arrested by that part of Major Long's expedition to the Rocky mountains, which treats of the *language of signs* employed by the aborigines of our western territory, I beg you will indulge me in some observations on a subject which may appear foreign to the objects of the Lyceum of Natural History. It may, however, be considered as a branch of Anthropology, and accordingly within the perviews of the society; and if we adopt the maxim,

"Nil humanum a me alienum puto,"

then I shall not be accused of travelling out of the record, where there are so many other topics connected with the natural sciences demanding the attention of its votaries.

The elucidation of a sign language is peculiarly attracting to me, as connected with the interest of the institution in this

city, for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, over which I have a superintending care. I therefore hope to fix your attention for a few minutes on a subject which, although novel in this society, may be made agreeable, and, I hope, interesting to its members.

The Indians, Tartars, or Aboriginal inhabitants of the country, west of the Mississippi, consist of different nations or tribes, speaking several different languages or dialects of the same language. Some of these tribes have stationary villages or settlements, while others wander about the country, resting in their skin tents or lodges, and following the herds of bisons or buffaloes, upon which they principally depend for support. These tribes are not able to hold communication with each other by spoken language, but this difficulty is overcome by their having adopted a language of signs, which they all understand, and by means of which, the different tribes hold converse without speaking.

This circumstance may be considered as something novel in the history of man; for although temporary signs have been occasionally resorted to by travellers and voyagers, where spoken language was inadequate, yet we know of no nation, tribe, or class of human beings, possessed of the faculty of speech, besides the Indians of this country, who have adopted anything like a system of signs, by which they could freely express their ideas.

Philosophers have discussed the subject of a universal language, but have failed to invent one, while the savages of America have adopted the only one which can possibly become universal. The language of signs is so true to nature, that the deaf and dumb, from different parts of the globe, will immediately on meeting, understand each other. Their language, however, in an uncultivated state, is limited to the expression of their immediate wants, and the few ideas which they have acquired by their silent intercourse with their fellow-beings. As this manner of expressing their thoughts has arisen from necessity, it is surprising to me how the Indians have adopted a similar language, when the intercourse between nations of different tongues is most usually carried on by interpreters of spoken language.

If we examine the signs employed by the Indians, it will be found that some are peculiar and arise from their savage customs, and are not so universal as sign language in general; but others are natural, and universally applicable, and are the same as these employed in the schools for the deaf and dumb, after the method of the celebrated Abbé Sicard.

In comparing a few of these signs, it will be seen wherein they agree. Among them is found the sign for *truth*.

Truth, in spoken language, is a representation of the real state of things, or an exactness in words conformable to reality.

In the language of signs, *truth* is represented by words passing from the mouth in a straight line without deviation. This is natural and universal, it is the same as was adopted by the Abbé Sicard, and is used in the schools for the deaf and dumb in the United States. It is thus described in Major Long's expedition, as practised by the Indians.

"*Truth*.—The fore-finger passed in the attitude of pointing, from the mouth forward in a line curving a little upward, the other fingers being carefully closed."

A *lie* on the other hand is a departure from rectitude, a deviation from that straight course which inculcates truth. The Indians represent a *lie* by the following signs.

"*Lie*.—The fore and middle fingers extended, passed two or three times from the mouth forward, they are joined at the mouth, but separate as they depart from it, indicating that the words go in different directions."

This sign is true to nature, and radically correct, though in the instruction of deaf mutes we simplify the sign, by the fore finger passed from the mouth obliquely or sideways, indicating a departure from the correct course.

"*House or Lodge*.—The two hands are reared together in the form of the roof of a house, the ends of the fingers upward."

This sign is true and natural, though we add to it, by placing the ends of the fingers on each other before they are elevated in the position of the roof, to indicate the stories of which a house in civilized life is composed.

"*Entering a house or Lodge*.—The left hand is held with the back upward, and the right hand also with the back up, is passed in a curvilinear direction down under the other, so as to rub against its palm, then up on the other side of it. The left hand here represents the low door of the skin lodge, and the right the man stooping down to pass in."

This sign, though peculiar, is natural as respects the mode of living of the Indians, but is not universally applicable. It corresponds with the sign for the preposition *under*.

The sign for an object discovered, as distinguished from the simple act of seeing, is made by the aborigines with much nicety and precision, and may with propriety, be adopted in a universal language.

Seeing.—The fore finger in the attitude of pointing is passed from the eye towards the real or imaginary object."

Seen or discovered.—The sign of a man or other animal is made, after which, the finger is pointed towards and approached to your own eye; it is the preceding sign reversed."

The Indian sign for a *man*, is a finger held vertically, which differs from the deaf and dumb sign. Their sign for a *bison*, is the same as the deaf and dumb sign for a cow, viz.

"The two fore fingers are placed near the ears, projecting so as to represent the horns of the animal."

Now when a party of Indians are out on a hunting, or warlike expedition, they may discover a man, the scout of a hostile party, or an herd of buffaloes. The sign for *discovery* in such a case will be different from that of the simple act of seeing.

In general we cast our eyes upon an object with indifference, and in seeing, simply distinguish a man from an animal, a tree from a shrub, a house from a barn; or we determine the relative shape, size, or distance of an object. This is done by the *coup d'œil*, and therefore the act of seeing, in the universal language of signs, is to direct the finger from the eyes to the object.

But when we discover an object, we look and look again, and then in the true natural language of signs it comes to our eyes, as the Indians have correctly represented it, because we have repeatedly directed the eyes to the spot where the discovery is made, and not seeing it the first, second, or third time, the object clearly comes to our eyes, and hence the distinction between sight and discovery is founded in the universality of sign language. For instance,

Suppose a mineral is presented to this society and laid upon the table. I cast my eyes upon it, and simply see it, without marking its distinguishing characteristics. I look at it again and observe it is an earthy mineral. It is brought nearer, and I see it is limestone, and upon taking it up to see more particularly, I find it to be granular limestone, or white marble of the primitive kind, and I soon become convinced that I have correctly determined its geological character by turning it over, when I discover in its fracture a small nodule of quartz, and a fine crystal of tremolite. Thus the discovery is brought to light, and is directed to my external vision, and is thence

conveyed to the intellectual sight where it is retained after the object is removed.

Again, when the Indians are in search of game, as before observed, it is easy to imagine how, in the discovery of an herd of deer, or bison, or a war party of an enemy, the objects come to the visual organ, and hence arises the proper characteristic sign, which is natural and universal. In these instances the sight is constantly in operation, and yet hours and days may pass without seeing any thing interesting to them, but suddenly a discovery is made of game or of an enemy from behind a hill, a tree, or out of a ravine, whither the eyes had before been frequently directed. Thus, too, we see the object strikes the eye, and as it were emerges from obscurity, and gives the true and characteristic distinction in the language of signs between seeing and discovering.

To see, is a radical word in sign language; from which may be derived the words to look, to gaze, to behold, as well as to discover. These are all sensible actions of the visual organs, or in the language of Sicard, "operations of the organic eye;" and he defines them thus,

To see is a simple sensible action, to see, to look is a double do to see, see, to gaze is a triple do to see, see, see, to behold is a quadruple do to see, see, see, see, to discover it a quintuple do to see, see, see, see, see.

Hence we easily derive the natural signs to express the ideas conveyed by these words. To look, is a repetition of seeing with intention to seek or search for an object, and the action is accordingly more intense than simple sight, and its sign is represented by a repetition of the sign of seeing.

To gaze is a still more eager or earnest operation of sight than looking, and its definition is a triple sight, but the sign of seeing need not be used, since the action is to be made apparent by the expression of the countenance: to gaze, to look intently. There are several modifications of this action, as, To gaze from ignorance—to gaze with inquiry—to gaze with astonishment—to gaze with admiration—to gaze with horror. To stare is also a manner of gazing, and is that impudent action of the eyes by which a modest person is put out of countenance.

Behold will have a different sign signification when considered as an interjection or a verb. When an interjection, it will be expressed by a sudden emotion, followed by an intent gaze of inquiry, which settles into the action of the verb to behold, in which you see, see, see, without being satisfied, inasmuch as you come to no conclusion, nor make any discovery.

To view, is an other operation of sight, by which we survey an object on all sides, and examine it with care to obtain a correct idea of its shape, size, use, &c. The sign expression is therefore a compound action, as we look steadfastly at the object while we move about or near to it, to satisfy our curiosity in its examination.

The signs for eating, drinking, and sleeping, are naturally and universally the same, and cannot be mistaken. They are thus described in the account of the expedition:

"Eating.—The fingers and thumbs are brought together in opposition to each other, and passed to and from the mouth four or five times, within the distance of three or four inches of it, to imitate the action of food passing to the mouth."

"Drinking or water.—The hand is partially clenched, so as to have something of a cup shape, and the opening between the thumb and finger is raised to the mouth as in the act of drinking. If the idea of water is only to be conveyed, the hand does not stop at the mouth, but is continued above it."

"Night or sleeping.—The head with the eyes closed, is laterally inclined for a moment upon the hand. As many times

as this is repeated, so many nights are indicated; very frequently the sign of the sun is traced over the heavens from east to west, to indicate the lapse of a day, and precedes the motion."

In the work from which the preceding signs are taken, no other divisions of time are explained except different periods of day, by the passage of the sun through an arch in the heavens under the word sun, in which the fore-finger and thumb are brought together at the tip, so as to form a circle, and held up towards the sun's track.

In the school for the Deaf and Dumb, we distinguish the periods of a year, the seasons, a month, a week, a day, a night, and parts of a day or night, as dawn, sunrise, morning, noon, evening, midnight. A year may be represented by a great circle in the air, indicating a revolution of the earth about the sun; but this sign is rather philosophical than natural. It may more naturally be represented by tracing with the finger the course of the sun's declination from the summer to the winter solstice, and back again. But that which is easiest understood and the most natural, is by the sign for one hot and one cold season.

Spring is represented by the springing up of the grass, and the expanding of blossoms; summer by the heat; autumn by the ripening of fruits; and winter by the cold.

A week is represented by seven days; or the hands placed together before the breast in the attitude of prayer, indicating the return of the sabbath.

To indicate a day, the left arm is bent, and held before the body to represent the horizon, and a semicircle is traced above it, beginning at the elbow and ending at the hand. An artificial horizon being formed, it is easy to designate the parts of the day by showing where the sun would be at such periods, as dawn, sunrise, morning, noon, afternoon, sunset, evening, night, midnight.

The sign for a month is one moon, and the Indians use the correct natural sign.

"Moon.—The thumb and finger open are elevated towards the right ear." *Dunbar's Essay. Transacts. Amer. Philos. Soc.*

The Indian sign for good, for death, and pretty, are nearly the same as those of the deaf mute.

"Good.—The hand held horizontally, back upwards, describes with the arm a horizontal curve outwards."

"Death.—By throwing the fore-finger from the perpendicular, into a horizontal position towards the earth with the back downwards."

"Pretty.—The fingers and thumb so opposed as to form a curve, are passed over the face nearly touching it, from the forehead to the chin, then add the sign of good."

The signs for theft, exchange, riding on horseback, fish, be quiet, fool, and snake, are the same as those employed in the tuition of the deaf and dumb.

"Theft.—The left fore-arm is held horizontally a little forward or across the body, and the right hand passing under it, with a quick motion, seems to grasp something and is suddenly withdrawn."

"Exchange.—The two fore-fingers are extended perpendicularly, and the hands are then passed by each other transversely in front of the breast, so as nearly to exchange positions."

"Riding on Horseback.—The index and middle finger of the right hand, are straddled over the left index finger, representing the rider and the horse; these are then jolted forward to represent the trotting motion of the horse."

"Be quiet, or be not alarmed, or have patience. The palm of the hand is held towards the person."

"Fish.—Hold the upper edge of the hand horizontally, and agitate it in the manner of a fan but more rapidly, in imitation of the motion of the tail of the fish."

"Fool.—The finger is pointed to the forehead and the hand is then held vertically above the head, and rotated on the wrist two or three times.

"Snake.—The fore-finger is extended horizontally and passed along forward in a serpentine line. This is also used to indicate the snake nation of Indians."

The Indian sign for a squaw is natural, but would not answer for a universal sign for a woman, it is, however, applicable to the general habits of the natives west of the Mississippi.

"Squaw.—The hands are passed from the top down each side of the head, indicating the parting of the hair on the top, and its flowing down each side."

Perhaps the characteristic of long hair peculiar to women, would form as universal a sign for a female as any that could be adopted; or the other sign, extracted from Mr. Dunbar's essay, viz:

"Woman.—The finger and thumb of the right hand partly open, and placed as if laying hold of the breast."

The Abbé Sicard, however, has a sign for a woman taken from the hat string as it passes from the hat to the chin, where it is tied. This sign is simplified and the hand is drawn on one side of the face only, and then elevated to a proper size for a woman, and a less for a girl.

A man is designated by touching the fore part of the hat, and then placing the hand at the proper height. The same sign is used for a boy with the hand less elevated.

The sign for brother is compounded of the sign for a man, and that of equality or the same.

Sister is also compounded of the sign for a woman, and the sign for the same. The latter sign is natural and universal, and is employed alike by the Indians and the deaf and dumb. It is described as follows:

"The same, or similar to what went before.—Place the two fore-fingers parallel to each other, and push them forward a little."

The definition of a brother in the language of the deaf and dumb would then be, a man or boy the same, or equal to myself or of the same parent; and a sister, a woman or girl the same as myself, or of the same parents.

The Indians have expressed these relations to one another by signs, in a manner equally as natural and intelligible, viz:

"Brother.—The sign for a man, succeeded by placing the ends of the fore and middle fingers of one hand together in the mouth."

"Sister.—The sign for a squaw, after which place the two fingers in the mouth as for brother."

These signs evidently mean the man or woman, the boy or girl, who have sucked as I have, and are analogous to the signs of the deaf mute for brother and sister, though somewhat different.

In the two excellent volumes of travels, entitled, "Long's expedition to the Rocky Mountains," compiled by Dr. Edwin James, one of the party, is found a collection of 150 or more words defined by signs, as used by the Indians. I have selected some of these for comment and comparison with the signs of the deaf and dumb. There are others that are natural and expressive, but I shall not go into any further examination at present, presuming that you have had enough of the evening. As, however, I subject for this intend to enter into the subject sign language in general, the remarks elicited by the foregoing must be reserved for a future occasion.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Amphibious Animals.—The siren lacerina and the proteus are the only known animals which unite, during the whole period of their lives, the constitution of

the tadpole and of the perfect frog, having at the same time both lungs and gills; and are therefore the only animals that can strictly be said to be amphibious.

Early printed Books.—The largest collection of what are denominated early printed or block books, is in the royal library at Munich. The very intelligent and learned librarian at the court of Bavaria, has printed a specimen, or fac simile, of one of the most curious, which he liberally distributes to foreigners who may happen to visit the library, and are anxious to obtain possession of so rare a relic.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 14. of Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Fate of the Wilmore's Story of Cecilia.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Phansigars; or Assassins of Hindostan.*

LITERATURE.—*Poems by Miss Frances Wright.*

THE DRAMA.—*Durazzo; a tragedy by James Haynes, Esq.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Martin the historical painter.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*The Court of Death by Rembrandt Peale. Nutritive properties of food. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.—Natural History.*

CORRESPONDENCE.—*Experiments to determine whether the yellow fever is or is not contagious.*

POETRY.—*Extempore on hearing a young lady extolling the beauties of spring. To— by B; with other pieces.*

GLEASER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. The lines "To Maria" are inadmissible.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

We learn from Black Rock, that the Canal Commissioners have resolved unanimously to construct a harbour at that place.

The workmen upon the Canal are paving the sides of it, in a manner similar to the pavements in our streets, between Albany and Troy.

The states of Ohio and Kentucky are busy in projecting a canal by the Falls at Louisville.

Some fine specimens of rich lead ore have lately been found, near the surface of the earth, in a field belonging to Mr. Samuel Chase, at White-Creek, Washington county. Several men are employed in further investigating the extent of the mine.

An artificial leg, with the knee and ankle joints, of very superior workmanship and utility, has been completed by Mr. G. Alcorn, last-maker, Philadelphia.

Mr. J. H. Caldwell, Manager of the American Theatre at New-Orleans, has offered a premium of one hundred dollars for the best poem, to be delivered on the opening of the new Theatre in that city.

General Wilkinson is compiling a work on Mexico, historical and geographical.

The brine in which cucumbers are preserved, is discovered to be fatally poisonous to cattle and hogs.

MARRIED,

Job H. Greenman to Miss Sophia Burt.
Horatio G. Lewis, Esq. to Miss G. Ludlow.
Captain Samuel Hyatt to Miss Sarah Evans.
Mr. Charles Myers to Mrs. Mary Gilbert.
Mr. John Stilwell to Miss Martha Jane Okley.
Mr. William Brisbane to Miss Sarah Stevenson.

Mr. Henry Francis to Miss Della Ann Douglass.

Mr. George Hall to Miss Mary Egerton.

DIED,

Mrs. Hannah Falconer, aged 59 years.
Mrs. Margaret McKee, aged 38 years.
Mr. Robert Manley.
Mrs. Julia Radcliff, aged 60 years.
Mrs. Mary Duryee, aged 80 years.
Mr. Jacob L. Muller.
Mrs. Mary H. I. Chivia, aged 42 years.

* Theorie des signes.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

TO CORA.

BY FLORIO.

Charm of my life! too early flown,
Too early lost—yet ever dear
As first thou wert, why hast thou gone
And left my soul forsaken here,
To muse on joys, that faded fast
As meteor lights upon the sea,
Before my days were overcast,
And hope was lost in losing thee?

Not yet forgot—not yet forgot!
The memory of thy angel smile
Beams o'er the darkness of my lot,
And lights its loneliness awhile.
And when this eye that cannot weep,
Is closed in slumbering at even,
Thou comest to my soul in sleep,
Like some enchanted dream from heaven.

Thou comest in thy loveliness,
Such as thou wert in former years,
When that pure heart was sorrowless,
That mild blue eye unstained by tears.
In brighter hours, when in thy breast
I found my bliss, nor sought for more:
Alas! those hours are hushed to rest,
And all their brilliancy is o'er.

Not yet forgot!—although the tie
Which wreathed our hearts is rent in twain,
Thine image still is lingering nigh,
To soothe this agony of pain:
And though the storms in blackness crowd
Above my head, foreboding ill;
Thou art the rainbow on the cloud,
The gem to gild its darkness still.

And Time his gloomy veil hath spread,
To frown beneath us coldly now,
And midnight gathers o'er my head,
But where, oh Cora, where art thou?
Still springs this desolated breast,
To bless the one it cannot see;
And though by many a grief oppressed,
Still mounts its prayer to heaven for thee.

For thee, for thee, this lonely heart
Would every pang of fate endure;
Content my blessings should depart,
Thy peace, thy safety to secure:
So dearly doth my spirit prize
Thy soul of spotless purity,
I would not ask for paradise,
Unless its joys were shared for thee.

Loved, lost for ever! still shall earth
Her varied garb of seasons wear,
But spring to me can give no mirth,
Nor summer's music lull my care:
Yea, lost for ever—still the tide
Shall heave up on the stormy main,
Which doth our trusting hearts divide,
Oh, never more to meet again!

Yet whatso'er my fate may be,
However dark a hue it wear,
One lesson thou hast taught to me,
When sorrows wrough the heart, to bear—
E'en from that heart so gently strung,
It seemed that pain its chords would sever,
My own hath learned when fiercely wrung—
To bear—though joy be hushed for ever.

August, 1821.

RETURN OF THE EPERVIER.

The verses below were suggested by the loss of the "Epervier," which was supposed to have been wrecked on its return from Algiers with the ransomed captives.

"Venti volvent mare, magnaque surgunt Equora." VIRGIL.

Merrily over the blue water's motion,
Hastened the bark on the wings of the blast;
Breasting the surge of the fathomless ocean,
O'er its deep bosom she rapidly past,
And the captive exulted in freedom at last.

Gaily her streamers unfurled in the gale,
Proudly her prow broke the breast of the foam;
The heart of the captive had ceased to bewail,
And fondly it throbb'd for the fields of his home,
Where free and unfettered again he might roam.

Long had he toiled in the savage domain,
While fast from his dim eye fell memory's tear,
Long had he clanked the barbarian's chain,
And counted the hours of each lingering year,
'Till liberty came with the fleet Epervier.

Haste, gallant bark, on thy glorious way!
Haste—for the storm is encircling the sky,
Rude swells the surge, the bright meteors play
O'er the face of the deep, and the wild tempests fly,
And shrill is the sound of the water-wraiths cry.

Soon sunk the bark in the gulf of the wave,
Lowly she sunk in the deepening gloom;
The ocean that witnessed the deeds of the brave,
Witnessed the scene of their desolate doom,
The wave was their glory, the wave was their tomb.

RETROSPECTION.

"And dost thou ask what secret woe,
I bear, corroding joy and youth?" BYRON.
There is a spell that binds my heart
Within a melancholy mood;
Nor time can tear its folds apart,
Nor mirth beguile its solitude.

It is the spell of faded hours,
When young affection's buds were new,
And hope illumed the rosy flowers
With a serene and smiling hue.

It is the thought of other years,
Years fresh in love and tenderness,
Before the eye was known to tears,
Or the fond bosom felt distress.

When o'er the early march of life,
Hope's golden banner was unfurled,
And waved unshaken by the strife,
The wintry tempests of the world.

When not a shade of sorrow swept
Along life's fair unruffled sea,
And all my soul enraptured slept
In love's delightful witchery.

It was—it was a dream of heaven!
In all the rainbow's glory drest;
And lovely as the gem of even,
That sparkles on the dark blue west.

My blossoms wither on the stem!
'Tis vain—'tis idle to repine,
Or pour the lonely requiem,
For that lost paradise of mine.

But yet this heaviness of grief,
Clings like the ivy round my soul,
Nor can my spirit find relief,
To break its bonds of fierce control.

Oh! still on memory's mirror crowd
The phantom forms of grief and pain,
My heart is gathered in a shroud,
And cannot glow with joy again.

1821.

FLORIO.

For the Minerva.

Lines written by Mrs. Ann Maria Somerville, on the death of her husband.

The death-bell tolled, and it fell on my ear,
Like the knell of departed bliss;
As I gazed in despair on my William's bier,
With eyes that were burning without a tear,
To aches that pang like this.

For my William was all that I valued below,
His bosom was honour's shrine,
His hand to the needy was prompt to bestow,
While he lighted up smiles in the aspect of woe,
And kindled new rapture in mine.

But death was relentless, and William bowed
To a sudden and early doom;
No longer the life of the list'ning crowd,
He early reclines in a coffin and shroud,
And sleeps in the narrow tomb.

They made him a bed in the cold damp ground,
Where they laid my dear husband to rest;
The sable-clad mourners stood silent around,
And sighed in response to the murmuring sound
Of the clouds as they fell on his breast.

My heart was so full that I could not weep,
With spasms I drew my breath;
My sobbings were so low and convulsively deep,
That I hoped soon to share in my William's sleep,
In the chilling embrace of death.

From these widow'd arms my love was torn,
When hope was reveling bright;
And his spirit has passed the eternal bourne,
While hapless Maria is left to mourn,
Through sorrow's starless night.

But morning will dawn, and I shall rise
When life's brittle cord shall sever;
In regions far brighter I'll open my eyes,
And meet my dear William above the skies,
To part no more for ever.

For the Minerva.

THE CANDY KISS.

It was sweet, I confess, but it melted away
Like the mist of the morning in morning's bright ray:
It imparted a pleasure the moment 'twas tasted,
But that moment is past, and its sweetness is wasted.

But oh, from your lips had you given, my dear,
One kiss that was tender and pure and sincere,
'Twould have sprouted and budded and blossom'd on mine,
And have borne tender kisses as luscious as thine.

And its roots would have twin'd themselves firm round my
heart,
Would have clung in close pressure to each vital part,
That not even death should have power to sever.
But 'twould bloom and would flourish for ever and ever.
New-Orleans, 1823. B.

SONG.

Peace to thee, wild wind, peace to thee!
My love is on the stormy sea;
Blow, blow ye gentle gales;
Safe o'er the bark that bears him home
Let the contending tempest foam,
Nor reach his swelling sails.

Peace to thee, ocean, sink to rest;
The conflict in my troubled breast
Is scarce less fierce than thee:
Thy snellest blast not keener blows,
Than the fell pang my bosom knows
For him that's far at sea.

Deep, deep within your coral caves,
Repose ye stormy winds and waves,
'Till he returns to me;
And thou, fair orb! that beam'st so bright,
O! aid him with thy silver light
Safe o'er the faithless sea.

Peace to thee, wild wind, peace to thee!
My love is on the stormy sea;
Blow, blow ye gentle gales;
Safe o'er the bark that bears him home
Let the contending tempest foam,
Nor reach his swelling sails!

Epigrams.

TO A BAD FIDDLER.

Old Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd Old Nick,
But thou mov'st nothing but—thy fiddle-stick.

THE OFFER GRATEFULLY ACCEPTED.

"I'll follow thy fortune," a termagant cries,
Whose extravagance caused all the evil; [plies,
"That were some consolation," the husband re-
"For my fortune has gone to the devil."

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Win-now.

PUZZLE II.—Because he is stiff.

PUZZLE III.—Because it is a strain.

NEW PUZZLE.

It is as high as all the stars,
No well was ever dug so low;
It is in age, five thousand years,
But was not made an hour ago.
It is as wet as water is,
No red-hot iron e'er was drier;
As dark as night, as cold as ice,
Shines like the sun, and burns like fire.
No soul, nor body to consume,
No fox more cunning, dunce more dull;
'Tis not on earth, 'tis in this room,
Hard as a stone and soft as wool.
'Tis of no colour, but of snow,
Outside and inside black as ink;
All red, all yellow, green and blue,
This moment you upon it think.
In every noise, this strikes your ear,
'Twill soon expire, 'twill ne'er decay;
Does always in the light appear,
And yet was never seen by day.
Than the whole earth it bigger is,
Than a small pin's point, it is less;
I'll tell you ten times what it is,
Yet after all you shall not guess.
'Tis in your mouth, 'twas never nigh,
Where'er you look, you see it still;
'Twill make you laugh, 'twill make you cry,
You feel it plain touch what you will.

CHRONOLOGY.

The Christian Era.

- 1206 Henry, brother of Baldwin, chosen Emperor of Constantinople by the Latins.
Gengiskan began in Tartary the great Empire of the Moguls.
- 1208 Raymond, Count of Toulouse, having caused Peter de-Chateau-neuf, the first inquisitor to be assassinated, was excommunicated by the pope, and his lands forfeited.
- England laid under interdict, for not acknowledging Stephen, of Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury. The Emperor Philip being murdered, Otho IV. Duke of Saxony, was acknowledged his successor.
- 1209 Otho crowned Emperor by the pope, the Romans revolted against him.
- A Crusade being preached up against the Albigenses, the army of the crusaders put to death upwards of 30,000 men.
- The king of England excommunicated by the pope, and all his subjects required to abandon him.
- 1210 King John successful against the Welsh, and in Ireland received the homage of the Irish Princes.
- Otho exercising acts of hostility against the Romans was excommunicated, and deposed by the pope in a council at Rome.
- 1211 The sentence of the pope being published in Germany, the Princes chose Frederic II. son of Henry VI. in the place of Otho.
- 1212 Frederic having defeated Otho, was crowned Emperor. The pope proceeding against King John, gave his dominions to the French King.
- 1213 King John submitted to hold his crown as a fief of the holy see, and to pay an annual tribute of 1,000 marks.
- 1214 King John absolved, and England released from the interdict.
- 1215 The Barons made war on the King, and obliged him to grant the great charter.
- 1216 The disputes between the King and the Barons continuing, the pope interdicted the Barons; they invited over Louis, son of the French king, who had great success against King John; the latter died with grief in the 19th year of his reign. He was succeeded by his son Henry III. then nine years old, under the guardianship of the Earl of Pembroke.
- Death of the German Emperor Otho. Frederic II. was acknowledged his successor.
- Death of Henry, Emperor of Constantinople.
- 1217 The Dauphin and the rebel English barons defeated.
- The Dauphin, besieged in London, agreed to quit the kingdom.
- Peter, of Courtenay, crowned Emperor of Constantinople, by the pope, was taken prisoner by Theodorus, Prince of Epirus, on his way to Constantinople.
- His wife Yolande ruled the empire during three years.
- 1219 The Christians besieged, and took Damietta in Egypt; more than 30,000 Saracens were killed in the siege.
- Peter of Courtenay being dead, his son Robert was proclaimed Emperor of Constantinople.
- 1221 Frederic quarrelled with the pope, and was excommunicated.
- 1222 The Christians defeated in war by the Sultan of Egypt, were obliged to surrender Damietta.
- 1223 Death of Philip Augustus, King of France, in the 44th year of his reign. Louis VIII. his son succeeded.
- John de Brienne, King of Jerusalem, coming to Rome for succour, meditates a peace between the pope and the Emperor Frederic.
- He travelled through France and England to procure aid against the infidels.
- 1226 The King of France, with a number of prelates and lords, joined the Crusade against the Albigenses. Avignon was taken and dismantled for refusing to let the army pass. Louis VIII. died, and was succeeded by his son, Louis IX. or the Saint, then eleven years old, under the guardianship of his mother Blanche.
- 1227 Henry, King of England, declared himself of age, and cancelled the great charter, and that of the forest, which occasioned a conspiracy.
- Raymund of Toulouse is again excommunicated with the inhabitants of that town.
- Death of Gengiskan, Emperor of the Moguls; his race conquered China, Persia, Asia Minor, and Russia.
- 1228 Frederic marched for Syria.
- Death of Robert, Emperor of Constantinople. Baldwin II. succeeded under the guardianship of John of Brienne, who had been King of Jerusalem.

THE MINERVA.

EDITED BY GEORGE HOUSTON,

Is published every Saturday

BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,

128 Broadway, New-York,

At Four Dollars per annum payable in advance. No subscription can be received for less than a year, and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed to the publishers.

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.